

Sweet Young Thing Ain't Sweet No More by **trashcangimmick**

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Summary:

Hopper picks Billy up for underage drinking and doesn't exactly arrest him. Again.

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Author's Note:

Title from the Mudhoney song. I won't apologize because I'm not sorry. Here be trash.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you were *trying* to get arrested, Hargrove."

"Who, me?" The kid bats his dark eyelashes over those captivating baby blues. He's shitfaced. Quite obviously. Words dragging, cheeks flushed bright pink. "I'm an upstanding citizen, Mr. Chief Hopper Sir. I've never caused an ounce of trouble in my life."

"You gotta stop drinking on public property, kid." Jim snorts. "You're lucky I'm the one who picked you up."

"Luck's got nothing to do with it." Billy winks. "You're always the one who does a sweep of the quarry on Wednesdays."

Jim sighs. It was a bad idea to let Billy sit up front. Jim just feels guilty about putting a kid in the back of a squad car. Especially the Hargrove kid.

Most of the time, teenagers don't crash and burn just for the hell of it. Sure, they're all a little rebellious. But they don't launch themselves wholeheartedly at every opportunity to fuck up their futures the way Billy does. Hopper picks him up at least once a week for public intoxication. More sporadically for vandalism. Once or twice for hanging around the Motel 8 by the highway doing what went in the

books as ‘loitering’.

The kid is a fucking mess. The dark purple shiner under his eye probably has a lot to do with it. But Billy never wants to discuss that. Even when Hopper sits him down at the station, with a hot cup of coffee and a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, and talks to him about social services, and domestic violence, and how things are changing and that shit don’t fly like it used to—Billy just goes blank.

It’s one of the more frustrating aspects of the job. Wives who go back, even after their husband has been caught in the act of beating them black and blue. They don’t want to press charges. They just want to go home.

At the very least, Billy doesn’t want to go home. Which is why Jim pulls into the station parking lot at 1:30 in the goddamn morning. It’s why Billy gets out and stumbles along after him as they go inside.

Hopper could put Billy in a cell. But then Billy would make a lot of noise until Hopper came and got him out of the cell. He skips the middle step and just brings the kid right into his office.

“Help yourself to coffee,” Jim waves vaguely in the direction of the full pot he brewed before going to the quarry. Because maybe he was expecting Billy to be there as much as Billy was expecting to be found.

Jim slumps down at his desk. Billy ignores the coffee, and the perfectly good chair on the other side of the desk, in favor of crawling into Jim’s lap.

“Hey—Billy, I’ve told you—“

“Daddy.” Billy says it so soft and sweet. The same way he’s clutching at Jim’s jacket, nuzzling against the side of his neck. *“Please, Daddy I’m so achy.”*

“Fuck. We can’t... we can’t keep doing this.”

Billy chooses to respond by nipping Jim’s earlobe.

At this point, Jim knows his protests are ineffectual. Basically worthless. If he really wanted to be a good person, he wouldn’t have let it happen the first time. He might have been able to cut it off before the second time, citing loneliness, or a weak will, or the fact that Billy is so pretty, and ready, and willing, and warm as the reason for his previous indiscretion. It’s been six times. Seven if you count twice in a night as separate events. More than enough to establish a pattern.

Though not technically illegal, what they are doing is morally reprehensible. Definitely the sort of thing you could lose a job over. Especially a job like Police Chief. They’re both fucked if anyone ever finds out.

But then Billy’s lips brush against Jim’s. It tastes like cigarettes, cheap whiskey, and naked desperation. Jim cups Billy’s jaw, tracing a thumb across his shaved-smooth cheek before pulling him into a real kiss. Billy moans into his mouth. Already rocking his hips, trying to

grind his erection against Jim's stomach.

In all his life, Jim's never experienced somebody so *excited* by his touch. He's been with plenty of women, and he made sure they had a good time, but none of them ever seemed in danger of creaming their panties just from a kiss. He's been with more than a few men, and it's the same story.

Billy is infatuated. Drunk on that rush of obsessive teenage hormones that fuel poor choices and shotgun weddings. Drunk on pilfered whiskey. Drunk on the fantasy of it all. Jim doesn't want to think about what the kid could possibly see in him. He doubts he'd like the answer.

Billy slides out of his stupid leather jacket, the one that doesn't keep him warm enough in the early spring weather. He lets it drop to the floor with a jingle and a thud. Next his shirt. Exposing the tight musculature of his chest and torso. Billy is cut. Could probably be a bodybuilder or something if he wanted to. Seems like sports are the only thing he puts an effort into. From this angle, Jim's not complaining. Even if it makes him feel fat and old by comparison.

He traces his fingers down Billy's chest. Pausing to flick at his nipples. It always makes Billy shiver and whine. He's so sensitive. It's obscene

Once, Jim played with Billy's nipples for a full half an hour, sucking and biting and twisting until they were raw and puffy. Swollen little tits. Billy came on Jim's fingers, begging for his cock. *Please Daddy, I'm so wet, I need it.*

“You’re really worked up, huh, kitten?” Jim lets his voice drop into that lower register that Billy seems to like.

Billy bites his lip. Nodding. Not making eye contact. Because of course, he’s feeling shy now. He lets Jim start undressing him the rest of the way. Jim manages to get the zipper of those unreasonably tight jeans down before he has to pause and try not to have a heart attack. His fingers graze against satin. Pink satin trimmed with pink lace. There’s a wet spot where the tip of Billy’s dick is drooling. The juxtaposition of a rock hard cock with such delicate fabrics is a lot to process.

“Do you like it Daddy?” Bless his heart, Billy actually sounds nervous. “I wore it just for you.”

“Yeah baby, I like it. You look so pretty.” Jim doesn’t even have to think about it for his voice to come out rough as gravel.

He peels Billy’s jeans down to his ankles, leaving the combat boots on. He’s found Billy likes to be a little trapped. Whether it’s hands around his wrists or inconveniently tangled clothes. It calms him down. Makes him less pushy.

Jim reaches for his desk drawer. The drawer he is now keeping *lube* in for the purposes of fucking a barely legal teenager. Weirder things have happened in recent memory. This is a normal kind of weird and not the mortal peril from an eldritch horror kind of weird. They’re both just kinds of weird Jim doesn’t like to dwell on for the sake of his remaining sanity.

Billy grabs Jim's hand and guides it between his legs.

"I'm already so sticky, for you. Feel it."

Jim pulls aside the thin string of the *thong* Billy is wearing, and rubs a finger against his hole. It's already slick. Loose enough for two fingers to go in without a problem.

Billy whines, pushing back against the intrusion, trying to grind on Jim's hand to get it exactly where he wants it. Of course, Jim indulges him. Teasing against his prostate. Making his cock twitch and leak even more.

"Did you ride your own fingers earlier? Hmm? Fucked yourself open for Daddy, thinking about his cock inside you?" Jim sometimes can't believe the shit that comes out of his own mouth. But Billy always seems to like it. A Lot. He's squirming and whimpering, eyes tearing up a little the way they sometimes do when he's overstimulated and about to come his brains out.

"Yes, fucked myself real good for you, Daddy. Because I wanted you to just *take me*. I need you. Please pleaseplease—"

Jim shushes him with a kiss. Rubbing soft circles across his back with the hand that isn't otherwise occupied.

"You did a good job, sweetheart. Daddy just wants to make sure he's not gonna hurt you? OK?"

Billy nods. Breath hitching. Eyes wide. He looks so vulnerable and it should make Jim feel sick about what they're doing, but it goes straight to his cock instead.

Jim manages to get the lube out. Struggles with getting his own zipper down more than he should. He slicks up his cock, sloppy, the excess KY Jelly dribbling onto his uniform. He's not worried about it. There's not much blood left in his brain. It's a bad idea to fuck a reckless disaster like Billy without a condom. Jim knows that. But Jim also smokes cigarettes, drinks heavily, eats badly, and has an occupation that all but insures his untimely demise. He knows he was clean before Billy. That's all he's really worried about.

When you've faced down death at the hands of an unfathomable monstrosity, or wandered through a parallel dimension full of nothing but disease and decay—it's amazing how little anything seems to matter. In Jim's screwy mental calculus, fucking Billy raw is worth the risk. Because nothing in the world feels better than lining up and sliding into the silky heat of Billy's body with no barriers.

"Daddy." Billy all but sobs. Clutching at Jim's shoulders. Thighs trembling. Billy's body is solid muscle, but like this, he's delicate. Jim wraps his arms around Billy's waist, pulling him into a tight hug.

"It's OK, baby girl. I got you. Gonna make you feel so good."

It slips out so casually. It never fails to destroy Billy completely. He's already coming. Clenching around Jim's cock, so tight and sweet. Billy might be a stereotypical bad boy. Inexplicably, he wants to be Jim's good little girl. It's probably better if neither of them think too

hard about what that means.

Jim lets him ride it out. Lets Billy just sit there on his cock. Split open, shivering with the aftershocks.

“Do you want to keep going, baby? Or is it too much?” Jim murmurs, kissing Billy’s cheek. Then his nose. Still holding him like he’s afraid they’ll both slip away.

“It’s... um...” Billy hiccups. Tears trickling out the corners of his eyes. The crying scared Jim the first few times. He’d stop immediately. Worried he’d done permanent damage. Something unforgivable.

He’s still not exactly sure he understands. It seems, however, that the crying is half the point for Billy. The release of it. The ability to fall apart while someone is there to catch him. The ability to cry without reprimand. Jim gets the feeling that Neil Hargrove, the burly mechanic, isn’t the sort of guy who’d let his son shed a tear without punishment. Because it’s not manly. Not *strong*.

Billy isn’t the best at responding with words. He just starts to move. Rolling his hips. Slow at first. Luxuriating in the feel of it. His cock is still hard. His warm come has soaked through the panties, smearing onto Jim’s shirt. He’s staring at Jim with those wide, wet eyes, and he’s the most beautiful thing that’s ever existed.

Jim’s a goner and he knows it.

He rests his hands on Billy's narrow hips and just enjoys it. Billy knows how to ride. Wherever he might have learned it, practiced it enough to be so confident, Jim is grateful. Because Billy is perfect. Smooth undulations, tight like a glove that's a size too small, all passion, and poorly restrained urgency.

Billy picks up speed before long. He's bouncing on Jim's cock. The slap of skin echoes much too loudly in the quiet of the empty station. The only other noise is their heavy breathing and Billy's whimpers.

"Give it to me." Billy digs his nails into Jim's shoulders. "Come on. Come inside me, Daddy. Fill me up. I need it."

Jim is helpless to resist. The tension spikes. He groans. Then he's emptying himself into Billy. High on the thrill of it. All spun out and dizzy. Wrecked like he's twenty years younger and can still feel things like puppy love.

Billy shifts, reaching for his jacket. He doesn't put it on. Just grabs a pack of Marlboro 100's and a lighter from the pocket. Jim should tell him not to smoke in here. But Billy's already got a cigarette between his kiss-bruised lips, and he's lighting it.

A crooked grin spreads across Billy's face as he exhales a small cloud—demeanor shifting instantly. From sweet young thing to delinquent, arrogant, punk. Jim's always startled at the change. It's a sobering reality check.

Jim collects strays out of habit. Like Jane. Like Steve Harrington, who spends more time at the cabin than he does at home. Like Joyce

Byers.

Billy isn't about to let himself be collected. He doesn't want help. Doesn't know what tenderness feels like. Jim shouldn't be the one to show him. They've already started off with depravity. Things never get less messy as they go along.

"That wasn't half bad, Chief." Billy ashes onto the carpet. "I ever tell you that you have the best cock in Hawkins? From what I've seen anyway in... locker rooms and stuff."

Once, Jim picked Billy up at a dingy bar, infamous for the hole cut at hip-height between the middle and end stall in the men's bathroom. Billy's mouth was puffy and his eyes were glassy. Jim didn't ask, but they both know Billy wasn't there for the watered down beer and country music.

"Thanks, I guess?" Jim scrubs a hand across his face. "Jesus. Are you sleeping in the drunk tank, or do you want me to drive you home or...?"

Billy shrugs. "Whose home?"

"You've got school tomorrow."

"Scared of letting me see the trailer?" Billy raises an eyebrow. "I've lived in plenty of shit holes before."

Really, there's not a point in arguing. Billy stands and pulls his jeans up, zipping them over his soaked panties like it's not gonna be uncomfortable when it dries. He doesn't bother with his shirt. Just balls it up and pulls on his jacket.

"We going or what?"

Jim sighs. If he sets an early alarm, he can drop Billy off at his car—which he left parked by the quarry. Maybe nobody will see. Maybe it's not suspicious for the local miscreant to be climbing out of a cop car anyway.

So Jim zips up his pants, stands on creaky knees, and lets Billy lead the way out to the squad car. What's one more decimated boundary in the grand scheme of things? Besides. It's been ages since Jim fell asleep next to somebody. Maybe it will make the dark a little less ominous, if only for a little while.

Author's Note:

Please tell me this ship name is 'Bopper' I will die on this hill.